

*The Historie of*

Coosen, on Wednesday next, our Counsell we will hold  
At *Winfor*, so informe the Lords :

But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.

*West.* I will my Liege.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince of Wales, and sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Now *Hall*, what time of day is it lad ?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,  
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon Benches  
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly,  
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to  
doe with the time of the day ? Vnlesse houres were cups of  
Sacke, and minuts Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bauds,  
and Diall the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sun  
himselfe a faire hot Wench in flame colored Taffata ; I see  
no reason why thou shouldest bee superfluous to demand the  
time of the day.

*Fals.* Indeed you come neere me now *Hall*, for we that take  
Purles, goe by the Moone and leuen starres, and not by *Phae-*  
*bos*, he, that wandring Knight so faire : and I prethee sweete  
wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace ; Maiesty  
I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* What none ?

*Fals.* No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be pro-  
logue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then ? come roundly, roundly.

*Fals.* Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs  
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the  
dayes beauty : let vs be *Dianaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the  
shade, minions of the Moone ; and let men say, we be men of  
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble  
and chaste Mistresse the Moone ; vnder whose countenance we  
steale.

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the for-  
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like  
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone ; as for  
proofe

*Henry the Fourth.*

proofe. Now a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Mon-  
day night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ;  
got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring in : now  
in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in  
as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

*Fals.* By the Lord thou sayest true lad : and is not my Ho-  
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench ?

*Prince.* As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Castle, and  
is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance ?

*Fals.* How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips  
and thy quiddities ? What a plague haue I to do with a Buffe  
Ierkin ?

*Prince.* Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse  
of the Tauerne ?

*Fals.* Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning many a time  
and oft.

*Prince.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part ?

*Fals.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

*Prim.* Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch ;  
and where it would not, I haue vsde my credit.

*Fals.* Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not heere apparant that  
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shall there  
be Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art King ? & reso-  
lution thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of old father an-  
tick the Law : do not thou whē thou art a king hang a theefe,

*Prince.* No, thou shalt.

*Fals.* Shall I ? O rare ! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

*Prim.* Thou iudget false already. I meane thou shalt haue  
the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

*Fals.* Well *Hall*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my  
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of sutes ?

*Fals.* Yea, for obtaining of sutes, whereof the Hangman  
hath no cane Wardrop, Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb  
Cat, or a lugd-Bear.

*Prince.* Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

*Fals.* Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneshire* Bagpipe,

*Prim.* What sayest thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of  
Moore-